

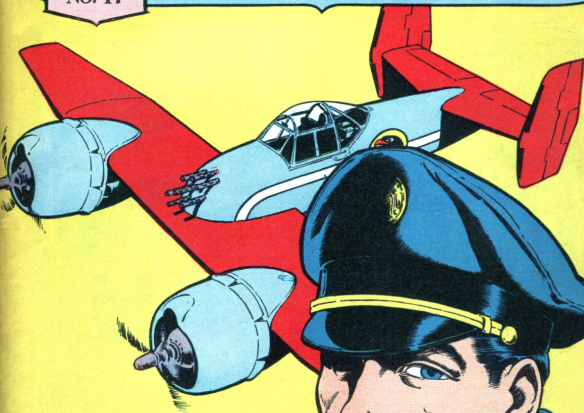
FORMERLY *MILITARY COMICS*

# MODERN

*COMICS*

10¢

MARCH  
No. 47



It's OKAY with  
**BLACKHAWK**

when he tangles with  
**Count HOKOY!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM







# BLACKHAWK



Does the cunning of any enemy truly  
blindfold *Blackhawk*?

Or does his wit blind **THEM**  
to their danger?

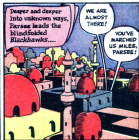








And so, minutes later, a strange procession seeks sinister alleys....







Again a Blinded Journey  
for Blackhawk...











HERE'S MOUNT RAKSHA ON  
ZE MAP! IN THE MIST OF  
JUNGLE — NO PLACE FOR  
ORDINARY PLANES TO  
MAKE ZE LANDING!

WHO SAYS  
WE'VE GOT  
ORDINARY  
PLANES? LET'S  
GO!

Sunrise, and again  
the flying fighters  
rise into the sky....

**WANKAAAA!**

On Mount Raksha, the blood-thirsty  
fugitives play a strange and grim  
game of chance!

I HAVE WON!  
SEE, THE ACE  
OF SPADES!

I ALWAYS HEARD  
THAT CARO MEANT  
DEATH TO THE MAN  
WHO DECK IT!

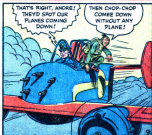
NO! DEATH TO  
YOU — HOLD HIS  
ARMS FAST!

HE CAN'T  
BREAK THE  
GRIP!

NOT THE FIRST STAB  
WILL KILL YOU — NOR THE  
FIFTY-FIRST! YOU WILL  
DIE OF A HUNDRED  
STABS!

YOU FEEL SAFE  
BECAUSE MY  
ARMS ARE HELP  
HELPLESS —









MODERN COMICS







TIE ON THEM --- SO MANY BULLETS THEY KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN! THEN RUSH THEM AND FINISH THEM!



Just then, diving as if from nowhere ---

HAWKAAAAAA-A-A-A!

HERE THEY ARE... SPREAD OUT TO ATTACK! GIVE 'EM IF LEAD!



THEY'RE LANDING! WE'LL BE WIPED OUT!

TOO MUCH FOR ME --- NOW!



The greatest combat team in history has gone into action ....

MAKE EVERY BULLET COUNT! WE DON'T WANT OUR SECOND CHANCE AT THESE BIRDS TO GO FOR NOTHING!

WE'RE DOOMED!



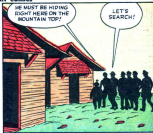
NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MEN! FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT --- WELL, NEVER MIND!

YE HAF KILLED 'DEM ALL, I DINK!



LOOK SEE! MATSUMA KILLED DEAD! OUF! FINDEE TONGAR---

ONE CORPSE IS CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT!

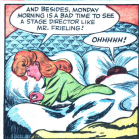
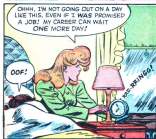








# CHOO CHOO

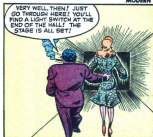








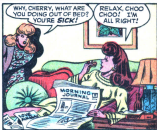
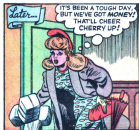




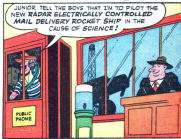
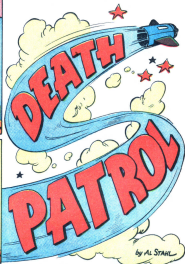


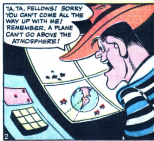
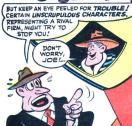
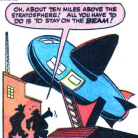
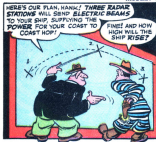


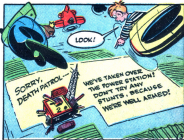
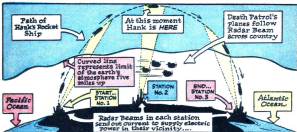




DEATH PATROL is waiting for an important phone call...

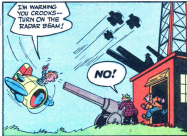








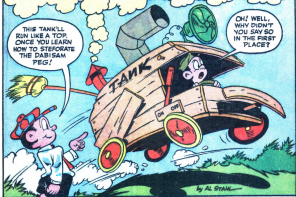
Meanwhile, Hank, unaware of the power cut off, begins to plummet to the earth!

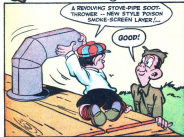
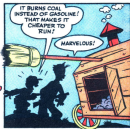


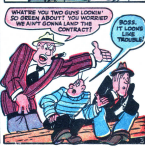
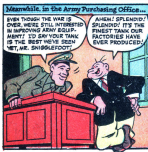
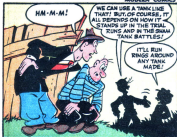
# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



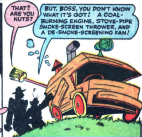
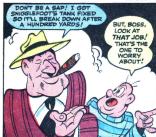
# PRIVATE DOGTAG

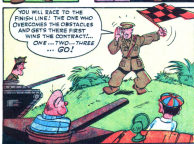


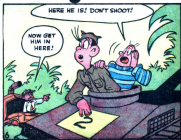
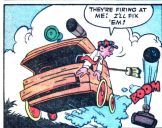
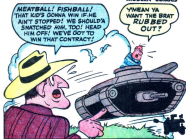


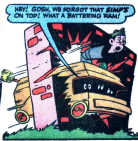
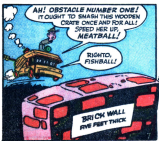


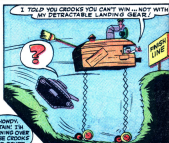
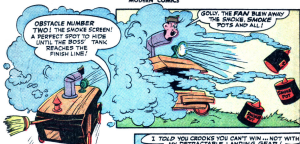




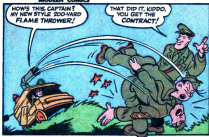












# The WHITE APES

LANCE CONNOR felt a cold hand slide up his spine. He remembered one time as a child he had visited a zoo in Cincinnati when several lions had broken out of their cages. The keeper had shouted for everybody to stand still and make no sound, but inevitable panic ensued.

It was very like that time now. Old Toby Mandall stood there amidst the horde of grayish apes and warned Lance not to shoot.

"Don't," he cried. "Let me handle this!"

There were a score of the huge beasts, all of them giants for their species. Shaggy haired, bestial browned, their eyes glowed redly, savagely in the half light. They stood perfectly quiet. Only one big fellow, who evidently acted as their leader, advanced a few paces, resting his weight on a great knuckled fist. He glared around the cave, his eyes resting for a moment on Lance, then darting to the old man.

Toby rattled off a few guttural words which his nephew didn't understand. The ape muttered what must have been an answer. The latter even lifted a shaggy forearm and pointed to Lance. The old man nodded.

The leader of the apes turned to his savage gang and rattled out several jerky sounds. They moved in closer, their evil eyes watching the captive with unbridled hate. Old Toby kept up a running discourse in the ape tongue.

Toby gave a sharp command. Then he led Lance to a dark corner of the cavern. He picked up a furry freak that turned out to be the hide of an ape. He motioned for Lance to put it on. Lance did so, noting the rank smell of the thing. When he had donned his ape robe the beasts calmed somewhat. And now he

gan a trek along a corridor behind the risen walls of the great mountain. Up, ever upward led the path, Toby and the leader of the pack stalked beside Lance.

"Uncle Toby, where are we going?" Lance asked.

The old man shook his head. "Mebbe to the grotto, boy. I dunno. What there is boss of the pack."

"But I thought you were the king," Lance reminded him.

Toby grinned. "I am. But Ukat is still leader of the raiding pack, and he takes us now to the grotto. Don't worry. They won't hurt you so long as you have that rig on—and I'm along."

Lance asked a question that had been bothering him: "What has become of my man, Uncle? Do you think they—"

Toby filled in the unsaid portion: "Killed. I told you that these apes are trained to kill all natives. The natives used to raid their stores; that's why."

Lance sorrowed for MTai, who had been a loyal companion and an honest youth. Too bad that he had to suffer death at the rough paws of these ferocious beasts. . .

For a good hour they struggled upward, the going getting rougher every rod. The incline of the path became steeper. But always there was the clear pane of the mine to their right, through which Lance could look down thousands of feet into the mighty valley. It was uncanny, a weird place. Lance had never read of anything like it. Enough mine here to supply the entire world. But if it had value, how would one mine it and get it out of the country?

Toby had read his thoughts. "I once thought of mining this stuff, Lance," he stated. "But you see

how impossible that would be. But you'll see gold—more gold than you ever thought existed."

It must have been close to midnight when the party came to a great grotto. The mine "window" was still present. Through it beamed a great moon that lighted the place with a strange light. Crouched around in a circle in the cavern was a pack of young apes. They had been chattering like magpies when the party appeared at the entrance, but now they quieted when the leader stepped into view.

The leader spoke. The young apes got to their feet and made a noise that might have been a greeting to their leader. Then Toby spoke. The same noisy rumble ensued. Both Toby and the ape leader pointed to Lance. Again there was a commotion of tongues.

Toby pushed Lance toward the center of the cave.

"Lift both your hands and speak to them. No matter that they can't understand what you say. Just do that."

Lance felt foolish at the trick, but nevertheless he did. There was a slight pause after he had spoken. His speech had been: "Friends, I come among you without fear, without malice. I wish to be friends."

The ape leader, Lance could have sworn, nodded his huge head and rumbled something deep in his throat.

Toby stepped up to Lance and shook his hand. "I guess you put it over," he told him. "Sometimes I think old Ukat can understand anything. Come."

What followed, Lance will assure you, he can still hardly believe. A fire was built in the middle of the cave and a great iron pot hung over the coals. Meat began cooking, sending up savory

# MOOREN COMICS

odors. The apes gathered around the fire, muttering. Then they were eating, for all the world like a pack of natives. Eating and chattering, and Toby joined in. The leader remained silent for most of the meal.

After they had their fill, the younger apes put on a dance. Several hollow logs were rolled to the firewood upon which sat on them, in fair time to the dancers' steps, which were merely wild jumping and leaping.

The effect was utterly indescribable. Lance often says now that it might have been a dream. Those apes were too "human" for—apes.

Then a sudden, shocking thing happened. The great leader stood up straight and, beating on his barrel chest, shouted loud gutturals. He turned then and came at a half crouch toward Lance. Old Toby just had a chance to whisper, "Act like you're not afraid, huh. He won't hurt you."

The leader was before Lance, screaming and baring his huge yellow fangs in a terrible grimace. He reached out and pounded Lance on the chest. It almost knocked the youth over, but he kept his feet and stood facing the monster. The younger apes then came up and made ugly faces at him, screaming and shouting. It was a mad thing all around.

Lance stood his ground, but there were times when he felt impelled to draw his pistol and start shooting. He knew that would be

his death. He hung on, facing the menacing actions of the pack as calmly as possible. He even got up courage enough to grin in the face of the leader.

As suddenly as it had started, the fiasco was over. The leader made a speech—that was the only thing Lance could call it. He pointed to Lance and chattered. The other apes yelled and howled.

Old Toby said, in a whisper, "You're set, huh. They have taken you in. You're an ape!"

Lance could hardly help laughing. He was an ape!

The leader got up then and motioned for Toby and Lance to follow him. They entered a low corridor that wound into the dark mountain for a half mile. Then they came to a lighter cave, open at the top. Around it were set posts. Chained to the posts were at least fifteen men. White men! Lance let out a cry. These were the lost members of the three former exploring parties. They seemed in good health. But they were securely chained by the wrists. And the chains were solid gold! Lance noted that at a glance.

It was a happy meeting. The men were crazy for news of the outside world, from which they had been divorced for so long; at least the first party to find its way to this strange land.

Lance discussed everything with them, while Toby and the ape leader stood aside, silently watching. These men knew where the

gold was—a vast hoard. But they had all come to the conclusion that if the apes allowed them to leave the valley they would never touch the yellow stuff. Gold, it seemed, was something sacred to the apes.

The leader gave a short speech. Toby translated.

"He says you can all leave the valley if you'll never tell where the gold is. He's an ape, gentleman, (the old man threw in) but he's got brains. He could have killed you all, like he did the natives. But he is letting you go, guiding you out of the valley tomorrow. I might tell you that it will do no good to remember the way you take. You'll never be able to find your way back in. Ukat is going to close the regular entrance to the valley when you have gone. That's all, men."

One of the men asked, "But how can apes be interested in gold? They don't know its value."

"Lance here can tell you," said Toby, "that he ate meat cooked in a big pot tonight." I nodded. I thought it was iron. "That pot," went on Toby, "is made of solid gold, just as are those chains about your wrists. That's why gold is important to these apes. . . . Now I'll let you loose. You'll follow Ukat." Toby held out his hand to Lance, "Good bye, boy. Tell them back home that old Toby is doing right well." He turned away as the leader approached to lead the men back to the valley.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND ENACTED AS AMENDMENT NO. 3, TITLE OF MOOREN COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1935.

Name of Owner or Owners . . .  
County of Erie . . .

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county above said, personally appeared Edward J. Arnold, who, saying that he was a resident of the County of Erie, State of New York, and that he was the Publisher of the MOOREN COMICS and that the foregoing is, in the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of said publication, for the month of September, 1935, as required by the Act of Congress, passed on the 3rd of March, A. D. 1907, as amended by the Act of August 1, 1912, Chapter 116, Section 1103, Laws of the United States, and by the Act of March 3, 1907, Chapter 110, Laws of the United States, signed by me, the Notary of said State and County.

I, Notary Public, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement, containing a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of said publication, for the month of September, 1935, as required by the Act of Congress, passed on the 3rd of March, A. D. 1907, as amended by the Act of August 1, 1912, Chapter 116, Section 1103, Laws of the United States, and by the Act of March 3, 1907, Chapter 110, Laws of the United States, signed by me, the Notary of said State and County.

I, Notary Public, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement, containing a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of said publication, for the month of September, 1935, as required by the Act of Congress, passed on the 3rd of March, A. D. 1907, as amended by the Act of August 1, 1912, Chapter 116, Section 1103, Laws of the United States, and by the Act of March 3, 1907, Chapter 110, Laws of the United States, signed by me, the Notary of said State and County.

NEW YORK: State of New York, County of Erie, Edward J. Arnold, Publisher, Old Mooren Comics, 100 Erie Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

1. That the above statement, containing a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of said publication, for the month of September, 1935, as required by the Act of Congress, passed on the 3rd of March, A. D. 1907, as amended by the Act of August 1, 1912, Chapter 116, Section 1103, Laws of the United States, and by the Act of March 3, 1907, Chapter 110, Laws of the United States, signed by me, the Notary of said State and County.

EDWARD J. ARNOLD, Notary Public.  
Signed and subscribed before me on the 10th day of September, 1935.  
LOUIS A. SCHMIDT, Notary Public, County of Erie, State of New York.

MODERN COMICS

# Will Bragg

by Paul Gershman



NOW—NOW!  
I'M NOT TRYING  
TO FOOL THE  
PUBLIC.... AHEM...  
THE CIGAR STORE  
WAS OUT OF  
CORONAS? ALWAYS  
SMOKE CORONAS,  
Y' KNOW!

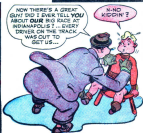


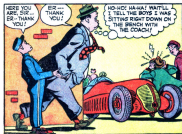
**WHEEEEEE!**

STEADY,  
OLD BOY.... THE  
FIRST PUFF IS  
ALWAYS THE  
HARDEST!



MODERN COMICS

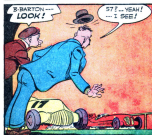
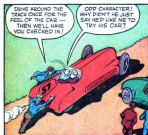


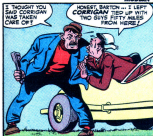


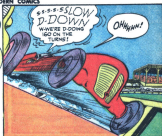


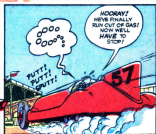
**Abstract**













# EZRA

600  
THER

Wm. Fazio

THIS IS THE BIGGEST CLASS OF  
MORONS I HAVE EVER TAUGHT!  
ALL YOU BOYS HAVE STAYED  
AFTER SCHOOL EVER SINCE  
I CAME HERE!... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND IT!

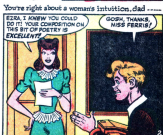
## CLUG



1916

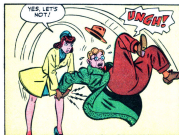
CLUB

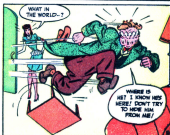
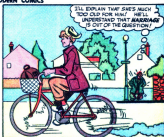


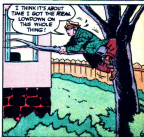
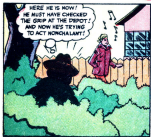
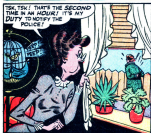
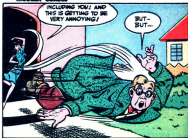


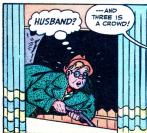


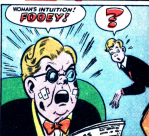
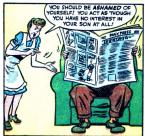
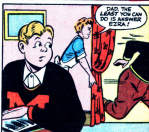
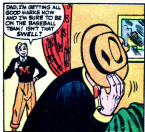












Building This AM SIGNAL GENERATOR gives you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experiment purposes.

RADIO SERVICE pays good money for finished work. Many others make \$1. Not a week EXTRA doing Radio in spare time.



# Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

## with 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts I Send You



You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the course—and it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money!



You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests!

Let me send you facts about rich opportunities in Radio. See how learning Radio can give you security, a prosperous future. Read the way to for FREE 44-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Read how SELL trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

**Future For Trained Men Is Bright in Radio,  
Television, Electronics**

The Radio Repair Business is booming NOW. There is good money doing Radios in your spare time or even full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radios, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address Work, etc. Think of the home coming town that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

**Many Beginners Can Make \$1, \$10  
A Week EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY AND REBATES to help you make EXTRA money doing Radios in spare time while learning. You LEARN Radio principles from my easy-to-grasp Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building and Radio Circuits with Radio parts I send—USE your knowledge to make EXTRA money in spare time.

**Mail Coupon for Free Copy of Lesson  
and 14-Page Illustrated Book**

I will send you FREE a sample lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," to show you how practical it is to train for Radio in spare time. With it I'll send our 44-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Just mail coupon in an envelope or make on a post or postcard. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6041 National Radio Institute, Pioneer Radio Study Radio School, Washington, D. C.

## BE A SUCCESS in RADIO I Will Train You at Home

### Sample Lesson FREE



Gives hints on Receiver Servicing, Locating Defects, Repair of Loudspeaker, I.F. Transformer, Gang Tuner, Condenser, etc., 14 illustrations. Study it—keep it—use it—with confidence! Mail coupon NOW for your copy!



J. E. SMITH,  
President  
National Radio  
Institute

Our 44th Year of  
Training Men for  
Success in Radio.

## GET BOTH 44 PAGE BOOK SAMPLE LESSON FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6041  
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 5, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, Sample Lesson and 44-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No money will cost. Please write plainly.)

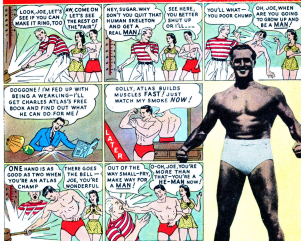
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

(Please include Post Office zone number)



**My Course Includes Training In  
TELEVISION + ELECTRONICS  
FREQUENCY MODULATION**

# The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with being a loser? Then I'll tell you about "Dynamic Tension." If you have, then after me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud to parade with confidence—today!

**"Dynamic Tension."** That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a weakling to a powerful winner of the 1938, "World's Most Powerfully Developed Man."

**"Dynamic Tension" Does It!**  
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room you quickly begin to pull on muscles, increase your blood circulation, broaden your back, set and tone arms and legs. This new, NATURAL method will make you a first specimen of REAL MANHOOD—then you are dreamed, you can do it!

## You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "bubbling up" of your mind and body! You will have more joy, insight, more ideas

back, real spring and zip in your step! You get sleeplessness, fits, a tendency to get nervous when you have nervousness on his day almost with your own muscles—right at your feet. You're a New Man!

## FREE BOOK

Thousands of letters have told my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—see my book, "Developing Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for you. Don't wait! I'll address an personal letter Charles Atlas, Department 333C, 115 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York.



*—actual photo of the man who built the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."*

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 333C  
115 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of you—give me a healthy, body built and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Developing Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Check here if under 18 for Reader A)



Adobe Reader - [Overstreet Comic Book Price Guide, 38th Edition]

FileEditViewDocumentToolsWindowHelp

OpenSave a CopyPrintEmailSearch

Select Text

Download New Reader Now

400%

eBooks

6 pg. story as super-hero

4812264155

MODERN COMICS (Formerly Military Comics #1-43)

Quality Comics Group: No. 44, Nov, 1945 - No. 102, Oct, 1950

44-Blackhawk continues	53	106	159	334	550	765
45-52: 49-1st app. Fear, Lady Adventuress	40	80	120	237	374	510
53-Torchy by Ward begins (9/46)	42	84	126	256	421	585
54-60: 55-J. Cole-a	35	70	105	201	318	435
61-Classic-c	34	68	102	197	311	425
62-77,79,80: 73-J. Cole-a	33	66	99	190	300	410
78-1st app. Madame Butterfly	36	72	108	208	329	450
81-99,101: 82,83-One pg. J. Cole-a. 83-Last 52 pg. issue						
99-Blackhawks on the moon-c/story	31	62	93	178	282	385
100	33	66	99	190	300	410
102-(Scarce)-J. Cole-a; Spirit by Eisner app.	39	78	117	224	355	485

NOTE: **Al Bryant** c-44-51, 54, 55, 66, 69. **Jack Cole** a-55, 73. **Crandall** Blackhawk-#46, 47, 50, 51, 54, 56, 58-60, 64, 67-70, 73, 74, 76-78, 80-83; c-60-65, 67, 68, 70-95. **Crandall/Cuidera** c-56-59, 96-102. **Gustavson** a-47, 49. **Ward** Blackhawk-#52, 53, 55 (15 pgs. each). Torchy in #53-102; by **Ward** only in #53-89(9/49); by **Gil Fox** #92, 93, 102.

Bookmarks

Signatures

Layers

Pages

A

N

M

N

D

B

M

T

D





## The Grand Comics Database Project

Have a look at the details

### Modern Comics #47

**1945 Series** - Quality Comics, March 1946, coverprice 0.10 , 60 pages.  
Format: Standard Golden Age U.S.; Full Color; Glossy Cover; Newsprint Interior; Saddle-Stitched; Was On-Going Series



Zoom: [Medium](#) [Large](#)

Cover thumbnails are used for identification purposes only. All rights reserved by the respective copyrightholder.

**\*No Title Given\***

**Cover Credits:**  
Al Bryant (Pencils) Al Bryant (Inks)

**Cover Feature:** Blackhawk

**Genre:** adventure; war

**Editor:** George Brenner

Issues in this series have been indexed by:

- Lou Mougin ,

#### Stories/features:

1. [\[Captured By Count Hokoy\]](#)  
Feature: Blackhawk
2. [\[The Practical Joker\]](#)  
Feature: Choo Choo
3. [\[The Mail Rocketeer\]](#)  
Feature: Death Patrol
4. [humor filler](#)  
Feature: Johnny Doughboy
5. [\[Tank Trouble\]](#)  
Feature: Private Dogtag
6. [The White Apes](#)  
Feature: Lance Connor
7. [\[Introducing Will Bragg\]](#)  
Feature: Will Bragg
8. [\[Miss Ferris Arrives\]](#)  
Feature: Ezra

[Series info](#)  
[View covergallery](#)

#### [Captured By Count Hokoy]

(Sequence 1 , 15 pages )

**Feature Story:** Blackhawk

**Credits:**  
Al Bryant? (Pencils), Al Bryant? (Inks),

**Genre:** adventure; war

**Indexer notes:**  
"V: Count Hokoy (I, D)"

#### [The Practical Joker]

(Sequence 2 , 8 pages )

**Feature Story:** Choo Choo

**Credits:**  
Gill Fox (Script), Gill Fox (Pencils), Gill Fox (Inks),

#### [The Mail Rocketeer]

(Sequence 3 , 4 pages )

**Feature Story:** Death Patrol

**Credits:**  
Al Stahl (Script), Al Stahl (Pencils), Al Stahl (Inks),

**Genre:** war;aviation; humor

#### humor filler

(Sequence 4 , 1 page )

**Feature Story:** Johnny Doughboy

**Credits:**  
Bernard Dibble (Script), Bernard Dibble (Pencils), Bernard Dibble (Inks),

**Genre:** gag

#### [Tank Trouble]

(Sequence 5 , 9 pages )

**Feature Story:** Private Dogtag

**Credits:**  
Al Stahl (Script), Al Stahl (Pencils), Al Stahl (Inks),

**Genre:** humor

#### The White Apes

(Sequence 6 , 2 pages )

**Feature Story:** Lance Connor

**Credits:**  
? (Script), typeset (Letters).

**Indexer notes:**  
text story

#### [Introducing Will Bragg]

(Sequence 7 , 9 pages )

**Feature Story:** Will Bragg

**Credits:**  
Paul Gustavson (Script), Paul Gustavson (Pencils), Paul Gustavson (Inks),

**Genre:** humor

**Indexer notes:**  
I: Will Bragg

#### [Miss Ferris Arrives]

(Sequence 8 , 8 pages )

**Feature Story:** Ezra

**Credits:**  
Harry Sahle (Script), Harry Sahle (Pencils), Harry Sahle (Inks),

**Genre:** teen humor

If you believe any of this data to be incorrect, please [let us know](#).

Cover thumbnails are used for identification purposes only. All rights reserved by the respective copyrightholder.

[New search](#) (Hit the back-button to see the result list again)

W. W. Norton  
NEW YORK

FORMERLY *MILITARY COMICS*

# MODERN

**COMICS**

10¢

MARCH  
No. 47

loopyjoe scan #0030

This comic was published in 1946 by Comic Magazines, an imprint of Quality Comics, who were later bought by DC Comics. I've included some extra info about the series on the pages preceding this one.

This scan was a long time in the making. I started scanning the raws over seven months ago, and since then I've sold the entire Blackhawk collection. As I don't own anything else this old, this will be my last Golden Age scan for the foreseeable future (unless I win the lottery), so I spent a lot of time on it. A series of computer problems also contributed to the delay.

filename: Modern Comics 047 (1946)  
(c2c) (loopyjoe-DCP).cbr

a loopyjoe scan for

